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ME
CHARLES STARRETT as
the DURANGO KID
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LARRY MAYO

The DURANGO KID

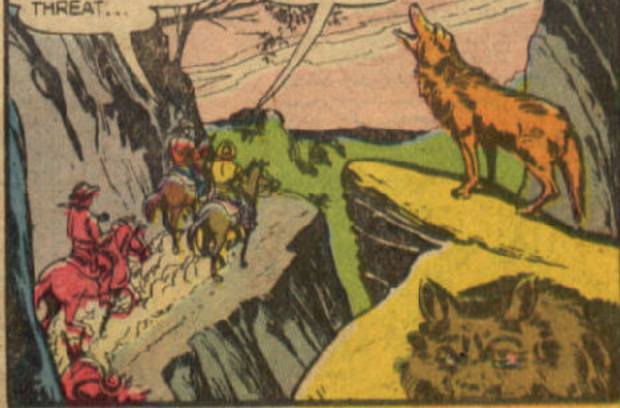
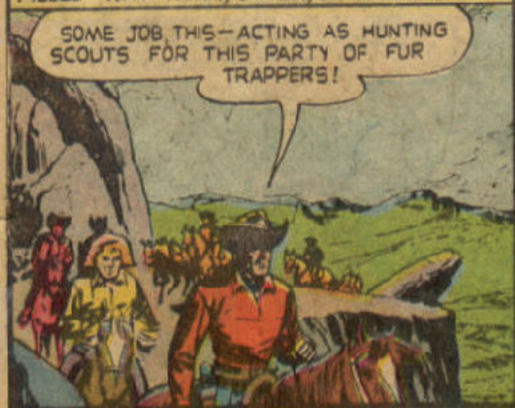
MUCH OF THE GLORY AND ADVENTURE OF THE OLD WEST TOOK PLACE, NOT ON THE PLAIN—BUT IN THE WOOD AND STREAM OF THE **BEAVER TRAIL.**

READ HOW **THE DURANGO KID** DEFIES THE HAZARDS OF THE FUR-TRAPPING TRAIL AND BRAVES THE DREAD DANGER OF THE

"WOLVES OF THE WILDERNESS!"

THUNDER! IF ONLY I HAD A CHANCE TO CHANGE TO *THE DURANGO KID!*

CATTLE, COPPER AND GOLD WERE NOT THE ONLY WEALTH IN THE OLD WEST. THE MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS WERE FILLED WITH MINK, OTTER, BEAR AND BEAVER.

SOME JOB THIS—ACTING AS HUNTING SCOUTS FOR THIS PARTY OF FUR TRAPPERS!

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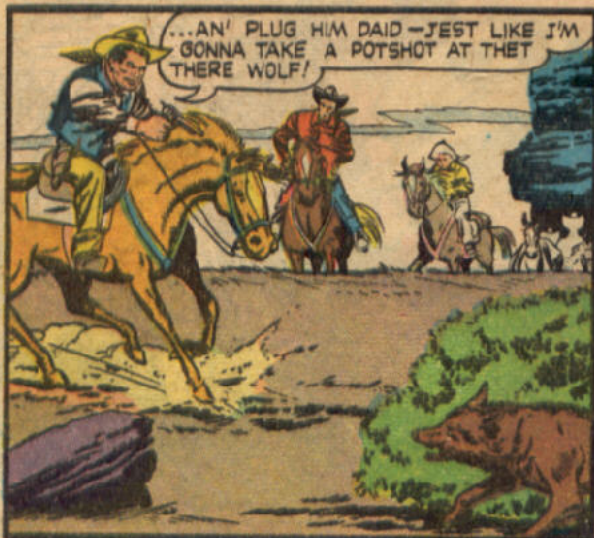
WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT ARE THE INDIANS. THESE MOUNTAINS ARE INHABITED BY THE UTE INDIANS—AND THEY ARE A WILD AND FIERCE BUNCH. UNLIKE THE SIOUX AND PAWNEE OF THE PLAINS, THE UTES HAVE NOT YET MADE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN!

UNLESS OUR TACTICS ARE RIGHT, MULEY—WE'RE IN DANGER OF SUDDEN ATTACK AND MASSACRE AT ANY MOMENT!

I HEARD WHUT YUH SAID, BRAND. SHUCKS, I AIN'T SCEERED O' NO RED-SKINS! NOT ME! IF ONE O' THEM INJUNS COMES CLOSE TUH ME, I'LL JEST PULL MUH GUN AN'...

...AN' PLUG HIM DAID—JEST LIKE I'M GONNA TAKE A POTSHOT AT THET THERE WOLF!

YIII!
HEY! WHUT'S THE BIG IDEA?
ZANNNNG!

JUST THIS, BURLY—THERE'LL BE NO SHOOTING AROUND HERE UNLESS I SAY SO! WOLVES ARE HARMLESS UNLESS THEY'RE ATTACKED—AND THAT GOES FOR INDIANS, TOO! WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE UTES, UNDERSTAND?

AND THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY JASPERS, TOO!
I'LL GIT EVEN WITH THET HOMBRE YET! AN' I'LL GIT ME SOME UTE SCALPS TOO —TUH SHOW THUH BOYS BACK AT THUH FORT!
2

THE CAMP IS SET UP...
WHUT A SPOT! WE OUGHTA KETCH US A MINT O' BEAVER PLEWS AROUND HERE! SHORE HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO NO TROUBLE, THOUGH...

INJUNS! COMIN' FAST— DOWN THET HILL!

EASY, THERE! THEY DON'T HAVE THEIR WAR BONNETS ON, SO THEY MIGHT BE FRIENDLY. KEEP YOUR WEAPONS HANDY, BUT LET'S WAIT TO SEE WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO!

I'M GOING TO GIT ME ONE O' THEM INJUNS!
BURLY, YOU FOOL—DON'T SHOOT!
THUNDER—TOO LATE!
BANG!

THEY'RE SHOOTIN' BACK!
OF COURSE! WHO WOULDN'T? WE SHOT AT THEM FIRST! DUCK!

YOU MEN HOLD THEM OFF FROM HERE. I'M GOING TO WORK IN ON THEIR FLANK. THEY'RE JUST A SMALL FORCE, AND IT OUGHT TO BE EASY TO OUTMANEUVER THEM.
TAKE IT EASY, STEVIE!
CUSS THET BURLY!

AH! I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT FAST ENOUGH FOR FOUR MEN...!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

THEY'RE RUNNIN' AWAY! STEVIE DID IT ALL RIGHT! HOORAY!
SHUCKS—THEM INJUNS CAIN'T FIGHT!

YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY FOOL! NOW YOU'VE ENDANGERED THE LIVES OF ALL OF US! THOSE UTES CAME IN PEACE!

THOSE INDIANS ARE SURE TO COME BACK WITH MORE FORCES! WE'LL HAVE TO DEFEND OURSELVES AS WELL AS WE CAN. THERE WILL BE A 24-HOUR-ALERT! EVERYBODY TAKES TURN AT GUARD TONIGHT!

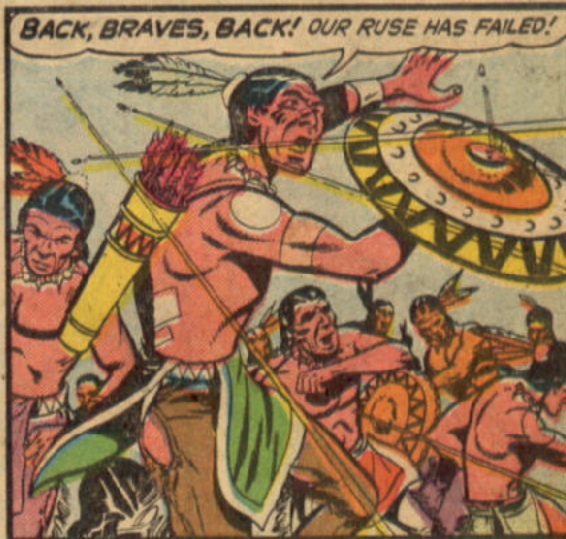
THAT NIGHT...
THERE SEEMS TO BE AN AWFUL LOT OF NOISE IN THE BRUSH TONIGHT... BURLY'S ON GUARD—I'D BETTER GO INVESTIGATE...

KEEP YORE SHIRT ON, BRAND—IT'S JEST A CIRCLE O' WOLVES AROUND THUH CAMP! YUH SAID YORESELF THEM MOUNTAIN WOLVES IS HARMLESS!

HMMM—SOMEHOW THOSE WOLVES ARE TOO SILENT TO SUIT ME. THEY USUALLY HOWL AT NIGHT. I REMEMBER MY OLD FRIEND KIT CARSON TELLING ME THAT UTES SOMETIMES DRESSED IN WOLF SKINS AND— BLAZES!

EVERYBODY UP! GRAB YOUR GUNS! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

STEVE'S WARNING IS NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
KILL! KILL! KILL THE WHITE INVADERS WHILE THEY SLEEP!
YEEOW!

BUT STEVE AND HIS MEN ARE READY FOR THEM!
DON'T GIVE AN INCH, MEN! KEEP SHOOTING!

BACK, BRAVES, BACK! OUR RUSE HAS FAILED!

WAL, WE LICKED 'EM AGAIN!
YES, I GUESS WE DID. BUT THEY'LL BE BACK AGAIN— AND AGAIN!

MULEY, THIS WARFARE MUST STOP! WE'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THE UTES THAT WE DON'T WANT WAR. AND THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO CAN DO THAT—
I GIT IT— DURANGO! LUCKY I'VE BEEN MOVIN' RAIDER AN' YORE DURANGO OUTFIT UP EVERY NIGHT! GOOD LUCK, STEVIE!

BUT—AS STEVE BRAND STEALS OUT OF THE CAMP TO THE HIDEOUT WHERE RAIDER AND HIS DURANGO KID OUTFIT IS KEPT...
WAL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! HE'S RUNNIN' OUT ON US, THET BIG FAKER!

MEN, THAT FAKER, STEVE BRAND, JEST RUN OUT ON US! THOUGHT HE WAS BIG STUFF, DIDN'T YEZ? BUT HE SCOOTED WHEN THE GOIN' GOT TOUGH! NOW, MAYBE YUH'LL LISTEN TUH ME!

THAR'S ONLY ONE WAY TUH FIGHT REDSKINS—ATTACK AN' KILL! THAT'LL PUT THE OLD SCARE INTUH 'EM! LET'S GO FOLLER THEIR TRAIL AN' SHOOT UP THEIR CAMP. WE LICKED 'EM TWICE, AN' WE KIN LICK 'EM AGAIN!
NO!

OUTA MUH WAY, YUH CHICKEN-LIVERED GALOOT! WE'RE GOIN' TUH GIT US A FLOCK O' UTE SCALPS!

MEANWHILE...THROUGH THE FOREST NIGHT STREAKS THE FIGURE OF THE DURANGO KID!
AH, I SEE THEIR CAMP NOW! A FIRE! THEY MUST BE HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR—GOOD!

UP, RAIDER!

GREETINGS, UTE CHIEFS! THE DURANGO CHIEF COMES IN PEACE, AND HAS WORDS TO MAKE WITH YOU!

REST YOUR BOWS, MY YOUNG WARRIORS! I HAVE HEARD OF THIS DURANGO FROM MY BROTHERS, THE SIOUX AND THE ARAPAHOES. THEY SAY HE SPEAKS WITH THE TONGUE OF TRUTH... SPEAK, DURANGO! I, LONG MOCCASIN, WILL LISTEN!

PEACE ON YOUR GRAY HAIRS, CHIEF LONG MOCCASIN. I COME TO ASK YOU TO MAKE AN END OF WAR WITH THE WHITE TRAPPERS. YOU TOO, CAN HUNT THE BEAVER AND SELL HIS FUR...

THE WHITE MAN WILL PAY WELL FOR THE FURS. PEACE MEANS PROSPERITY FOR YOU, TOO. WAR MEANS ONLY DEATH AND HUNGER!
TRUE, DURANGO — BUT ARE ALL WHITE MEN OF THE SAME MIND? WE WERE SHOT AT EVEN THIS MORNING WHEN WE APPROACHED THE WHITE TRAPPERS WITH FRIENDLINESS IN OUR HEARTS!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT—BURLY AND THE TRAPPERS ATTACK THE CAMP...!
SEE? THEY ATTACK US EVEN NOW!
DEATH TO DURANGO! HE COMES ONLY AS A SPY TO TRAP US!

THE FOOLS! THEY'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING! WATCH OUT, LONG MOCCASIN!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE STUPID IDIOTS!
HE SAVED MY LIFE!

OUT OF MY WAY!
DURANGO!

YOU'RE THE MAN I WANT, BURLY!
Yiiii!

SPLAT!

NOW CALL OFF YOUR MEN OR I'LL DELIVER THIS HEAD OF HAIR TO THE INDIANS PERSONALLY!
OW! CEASE FIRE, MEN! PULL OUT!

GOSH, DURANGO — WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WUZ FIGHTIN' FER THESE INJUNS!
I FIGHT FOR JUSTICE! NOW PUT DOWN YOUR HANDS AND BEHAVE WITH SOME SENSE!

NO, CHIEF MOCCASIN, I CANNOT AGREE THAT ALL WHITE MEN WILL SEEK WAYS OF PEACE! BUT MOST OF THEM WILL AND THOSE WHO WON'T WILL RECEIVE THE TREATMENT THIS DOG GOT!

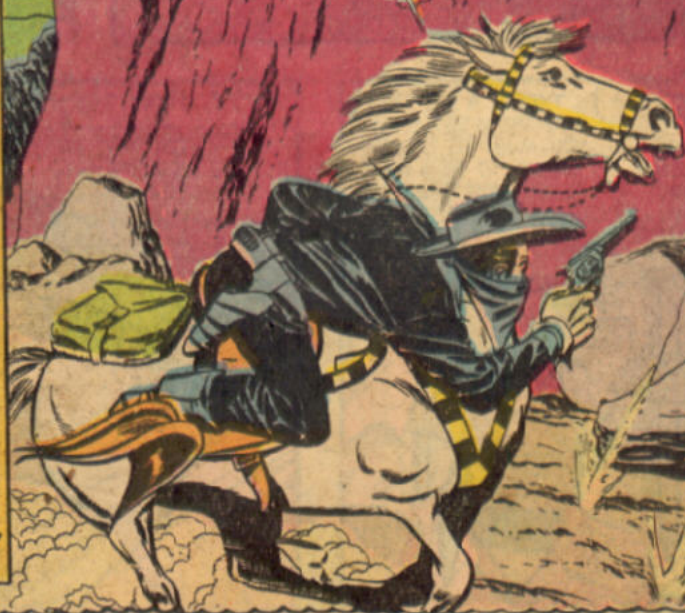
I BELIEVE YOU, DURANGO! YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND I TRUST YOU. AFTER ALL, THE INDIANS HAVE THEIR FOOLS, TOO! COME, LET US ALL SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE...

NEXT DAY...
WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE, MULEY. SOON AMERICAN FURS WILL CHALLENGE THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD!

YEP, THAR'LL BE FINE TRAPPIN' NOW —THANKS TUH THE DURANGO KID!
THE END

the DURANGO KID

ONE OF THE MOST STIRRING CHAPTERS IN THE TAMING OF THE WEST IS THE STORY OF THE **PONY EXPRESS** —A CHAPTER WRITTEN IN BULLETS AND BLOOD!

DISPLAYING THE FLAMING COURAGE THAT MADE THIS VENTURE A SUCCESS, **THE DURANGO KID'S** GUN BLAZES DEFIANCE AND HIS CUNNING OUTWITS THE DEADLY **"PERIL OF THE PONY EXPRESS!"**

THE PONY EXPRESS! THUNDERING HOOFS POUND THE PRAIRIE ROAD! IN A CLOUD OF DUST UNDER THE SEARING SUN, THE DAUNTLESS PONY EXPRESS RIDER URGES HIS HORSE ONWARD—THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!

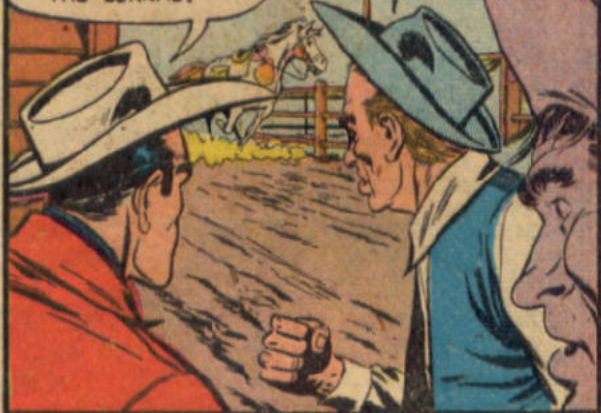
EVERY TWENTY-FIVE MILES ALONG THE WAY, THERE IS A RELIEF STATION WHERE FRESH HORSES ARE KEPT. IT IS A MATTER OF SECONDS FOR THE TIRELESS RIDER TO SWITCH MAIL AND SELF TO A NEW BRONC...

...AND ON HIS URGENT JOURNEY HE GOES! THE MAIL MUST GET THROUGH —AND GET THROUGH FAST!

BUT—FIFTEEN MILES OUT OF THE LAST RELIEF STATION, ENEMIES AWAIT THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER. A WINCHESTER BARKS...

...AND THE RIDER TUMBLES FROM THE HURTLING SADDLE!
MEANWHILE—AT THE NEXT RELIEF STATION...
STEVE BRAND AND MULEY PIKE! WAL, I'LL BE A PURPLE-FACED BABOON! I'M SHORE GLAD TUH SEE YUH!
HELLO, SAM, WE WERE RIDING BY AND THOUGHT WE'D STOP FOR A BIT OF PALAVER WITH AN OLD PAL. HOW ARE THINGS WITH THE PONY EXPRESS, SAM?

JUST BOOMING, STEVE—JUST BOOMING. THE PONY EXPRESS HAS BEEN CUTTIN' IN HALF THUH TIME IT TAKES TUH GIT THUH MAIL FROM ST. JOE TO SACRAMENTO.
THIS IS A BIG THING FOR THE WEST, SAM. YOU MUST BE RIGHT PROUD TO BE A ROAD AGENT FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!

HEY! WHAT THE—! THAT'S ONE OF OUR PONIES! BUT WHAR'S THE RIDER!
LET'S CATCH THAT PAINT BEFORE HE GETS INTO THE CORRAL!

THUNDER! ROBBED! THUH MAILBAG'S EMPTY!
COME ON—LET'S SLAP LEATHER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT RIDER—IF HE'S ALIVE!

TARNATION! THIS IS THUH FIRST TIME THUH PONY EXPRESS HAS BEEN ROBBED. KNOW WHUT THAT MEANS, STEVE?
YES, SAM, I DO! THE PONY EXPRESS IS BUILDING ITS REPUTATION ON GETTING THE MAIL THROUGH FAST AND SAFELY...!
2

THAR HE IS!

MURDERED!
THERE KIN BE ONLY ONE REASON, STEVE—AN' IT AIN'T ROBBERY! THAR WUZ NO MONEY IN THEM MAIL-BAGS—ONLY LETTERS...

SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TUH FIX IT SO NOBODY'LL TRUST THE PONY EXPRESS WITH THEIR MAIL. SOMEBODY WANTS TUH UNDERMINE THUH OUTFIT!

LISTEN CLOSELY, MULEY. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO AND THAT'S TO... BZZZ... BZZZ... BZZZZZZ...

STEVE! NO, NOT THET! IT'S TURRIBLE RISKY, STEVE!

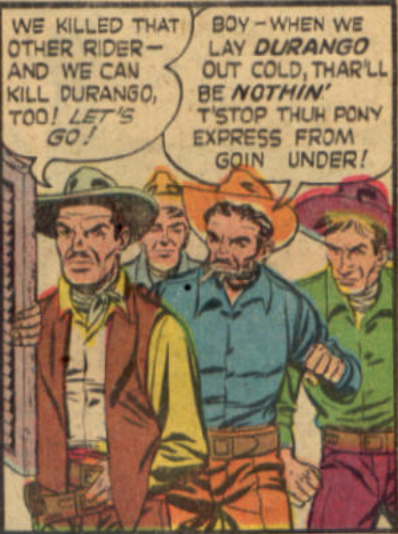
A FEW DAYS LATER—IN THE MAIN OFFICE OF THE PONY EXPRESS...
THIS IS TERRIBLE—NOT ONE CLUE TO THE KILLERS! THE PEOPLE HAVE LOST CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY. WE'RE SUNK—BANKRUPT—ALL OUR WORK GOING TO WASTE!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT COMING DOWN THE STREET? WHY, IT'S—IT'S—

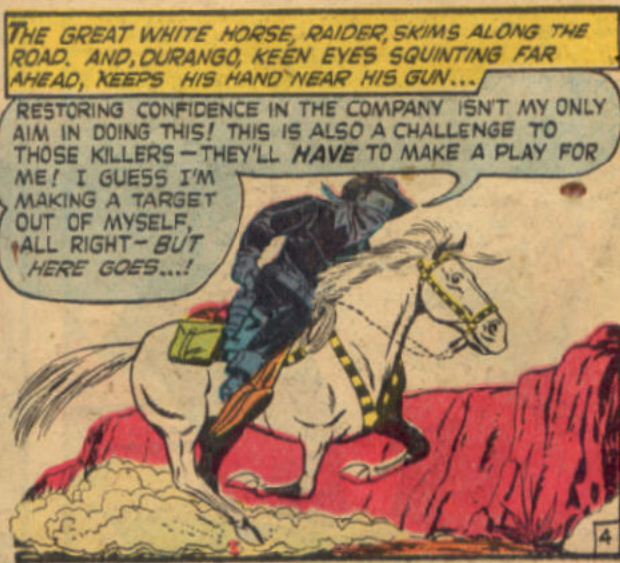
IT'S THE DURANGO KID!
COMING RIGHT DOWN THE MAIN STREET—THIS WAY!

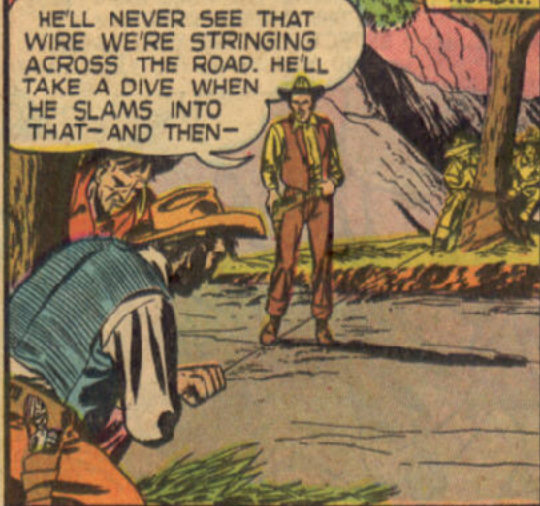
GENTLEMEN, I'VE COME TO OFFER MY SERVICES—AS A RIDER FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!
WONDERFUL! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY! BLESS YOU, DURANGO—BLESS YOU! WITH YOUR REPUTATION—!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE BIG NEWS SPREADS LIKE FIRE THROUGHOUT THE TOWN.
DIDJA HEAR THUH NEWS? DURANGO'S RIDIN' FER THUH PONY EXPRESS!
WHY, THET'S GREAT! I'D TRUST MY MAIL TUH DURANGO ANY DAY. MEBBE HE'LL GIT THEM KILLERS, TOO!

BUT—IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE SALOON, THE NEWS IS NOT GREETED WITH SUCH JOY!
YUH HEAR THET, MASTERS?
I HEAR IT, ALL RIGHT. IT CERTAINLY MESSES UP OUR PLANS TO BREAK THE PONY EXPRESS...

MY STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS BEEN RUNNING THE MAIL TO CALIFORNIA THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL—AND THE PONY EXPRESS HAS KNOCKED OUR BUSINESS TO PIECES. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THE PONY EXPRESS, MEN,—AND BREAK IT WE WILL!

WE KILLED THAT OTHER RIDER—AND WE CAN KILL DURANGO, TOO! LET'S GO!
BOY—WHEN WE LAY DURANGO OUT COLD, THAR'LL BE NOTHIN' T'STOP THUH PONY EXPRESS FROM GOIN UNDER!

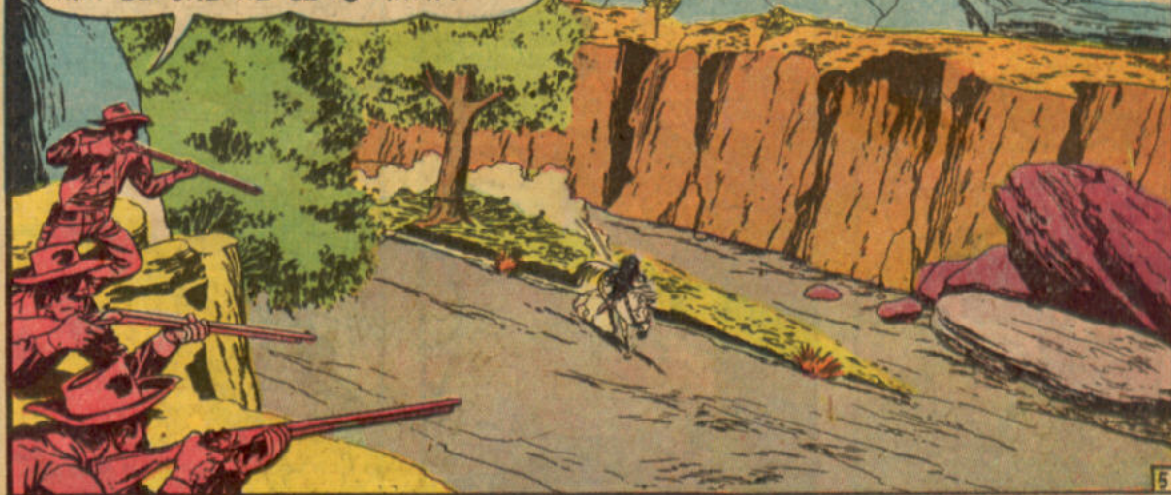
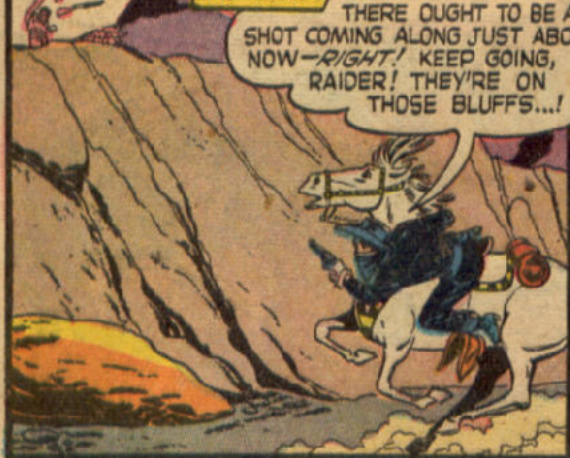
NEXT MORNING!
GOOD LUCK, DURANGO!
HOORAY!

THE GREAT WHITE HORSE, RAIDER, SKIMS ALONG THE ROAD. AND, DURANGO, KEEN EYES SQUINTING FAR AHEAD, KEEPS HIS HAND NEAR HIS GUN...
RESTORING CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY ISN'T MY ONLY AIM IN DOING THIS! THIS IS ALSO A CHALLENGE TO THOSE KILLERS—THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE A PLAY FOR ME! I GUESS I'M MAKING A TARGET OUT OF MYSELF, ALL RIGHT—BUT HERE GOES...!

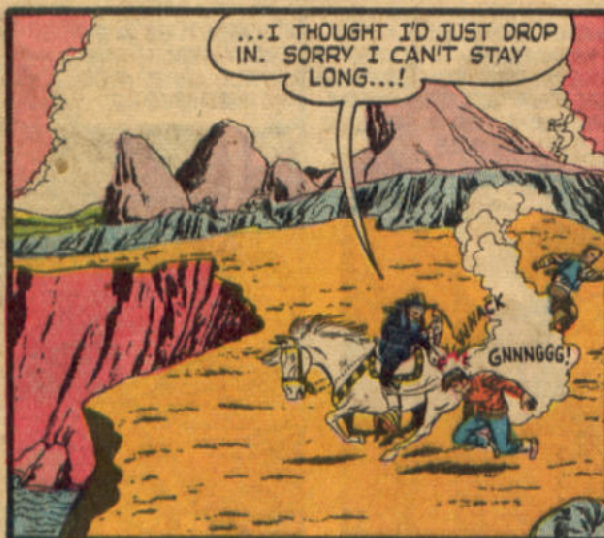
SEVERAL MILES DOWN THE PONY EXPRESS ROAD...
HE'LL NEVER SEE THAT WIRE WE'RE STRINGING ACROSS THE ROAD. HE'LL TAKE A DIVE WHEN HE SLAMS INTO THAT—AND THEN—

AND THEN WE PLUG HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN! EVERYBODY SHOOTS! JUST DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GET HIS HAND ON THAT GUN OF HIS, SEE? HE'S QUICK AS DEATH WITH THAT IRON!

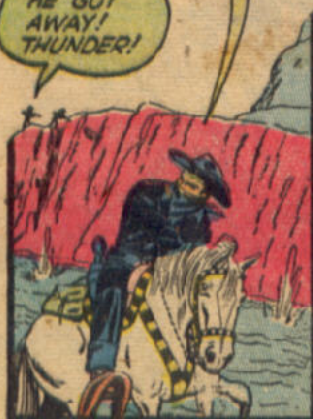
MINUTES DRAG LIKE HOURS. THEN—
THET DUST PLUME COMIN' UP— I THINK IT'S HIM, BOSS!

THAT CUT AHEAD LOOKS LIKE A FINE PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH. AND WHAT'S THAT GLINTING IN THE SUN BETWEEN THOSE TREES? A SPIDER'S WEB? NOPE — TOO LONG FOR A SPIDER'S WEB...

...MUST BE A WIRE! NEAT TRICK! WELL, WE'LL JUST RIDE AROUND IT!

HE SAW THE WIRE! SHOOT! SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

BUT DURANGO, EXPECTING GUNPLAY, HAS ALREADY ROLLED OVER RAIDER'S SIDE, AN OLD INDIAN TRICK—AND HIS GUN LEAPS INTO HIS HAND.
THERE OUGHT TO BE A SHOT COMING ALONG JUST ABOUT NOW—RIGHT! KEEP GOING, RAIDER! THEY'RE ON THOSE BLUFFS...!

...WELL, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TAKING THE BULL RIGHT BY THE HORNS. DIDN'T EXPECT ME THIS WAY, DID YOU, GENTS?
BAM! BAM!

...I THOUGHT I'D JUST DROP IN. SORRY I CAN'T STAY LONG...!
WHACK
GNNNGGG!

BUT THE MAIL'S GOT TO GO THROUGH! HO, RAIDER!

UP WE GO, RAIDER! THEY COULDN'T HIT A BARN IF THEY WERE INSIDE IT!
HE GOT AWAY! THUNDER!

AND—A FEW MINUTES LATER...
MULEY! JUST IN TIME! QUICK, TAKE THESE MAILBAGS AND CARRY THEM ON!
RIGHT! I GIT IT—I HEARD THUH SHOOTIN'! GONNA CLEAN UP ON THUH DIRTY VARMINTS, DURANGO!

LET'S GO, RAIDER—BACK! THERE'S A SCORE TO SETTLE FOR THE PONY EXPRESS...!

WELL, MAYBE NEXT TIME WE'LL — WHAT THE —! HE'S COMING BACK! START SHOOTING, MEN!

HE'S FALLING — WE GOT HIM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISTER! THERE'S NO SENSE IN GETTING RAIDER PLUGGED IN THIS FIGHT. THIS BUFFALO WALLOW OUGHT TO TAKE ME AROUND BEHIND THEM...

ALL RIGHT, MEN—CLOSE IN AND KEEP YOUR GUNS HANDY. HE FELL INTO THAT BUFFALO WALLOW OVER THERE AND HE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.

VERY MUCH ALIVE! REACH! I THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT THIS IRON OF MINE CAN DO, GENTLEMEN—SO PLEASE DON'T MOVE!

A FEW HOURS LATER —
THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS INDEBTED TO YOU, DURANGO. THANKS TO YOU, THE PONY EXPRESS RIDES ON — AND PROGRESS RIDES WITH IT!

UP, RAIDER!
DURANGO! DURANGO! HOORAY!!
THE END

Dan Brand and Tipi

BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE FRENCH AND THE BRITISH ENGAGED IN FIERCE AND BLOODY BATTLES FOR CONTROL OF THE NEW WORLD. ONE FAVORITE TACTIC WAS TO PLAY ON THE SMOLDERING HATREDS OF THE INDIAN FOR THE WHITE SETTLERS. WHEN STIRRED TO WAR, THE INDIAN TRIBES UNITED INTO ONE GREAT BLOODTHIRSTY ARMY—AND THEIR LONG PENT-UP BITTERNESS EXPLODED ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY IN

"MASSACRE!"

FINALLY, WHEN ALL THE CHIEFS ARE ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR COUNCIL OF WAR, THEY ARE ADDRESSED BY—TWO FRENCH GENERALS!
WE PROMISE GREAT TRACTS OF LAND, MANY BRIGHT BEADS, MUCH FIRE-WATER AND RIFLES, IF YOU MAKE WAR AGAINST THE ENGLISH COLONIES. EES NOT SO?
AH, OUI—SO! ZE KING OF FRANCE—HE HAS ONLY LOVE FOR ZE BRAVE CHIEFS OF ZE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS!

GOOD! FOR WE, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS THIRST FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE SETTLER WHO TAKES AWAY OUR HUNTING LANDS! WE NEED YOUR RIFLES — THEN WE ATTACK!

AND SOON—THE ATTACK!
FIGHT FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S WAR! IF WE GOT TO DIE— —LET'S DIE FIGHTIN'!

LEAVE NOT ONE WHITE MAN ALIVE!

MASSACRE!!! THE HATED, FEARFUL WORD, "MASSACRE" RIPS ACROSS THE FRONTIER LIKE A THROTTLED SCREAM! STARK FEAR RIDES IN ADVANCE OF THE POURING WAVES OF THE INDIAN ARMIES! THE ROADS ARE CHOKED WITH FLEEING REFUGEES, RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES. "MASSACRE!" EXPLODES ACROSS THE WILDERNESS TOWNS — CAN NO ONE STEM THE SAVAGE TIDE?
KILL! KILL! KILL! WE SHALL LINE OUR WIGWAMS WITH THE SCALPS OF THE WHITE MEN!
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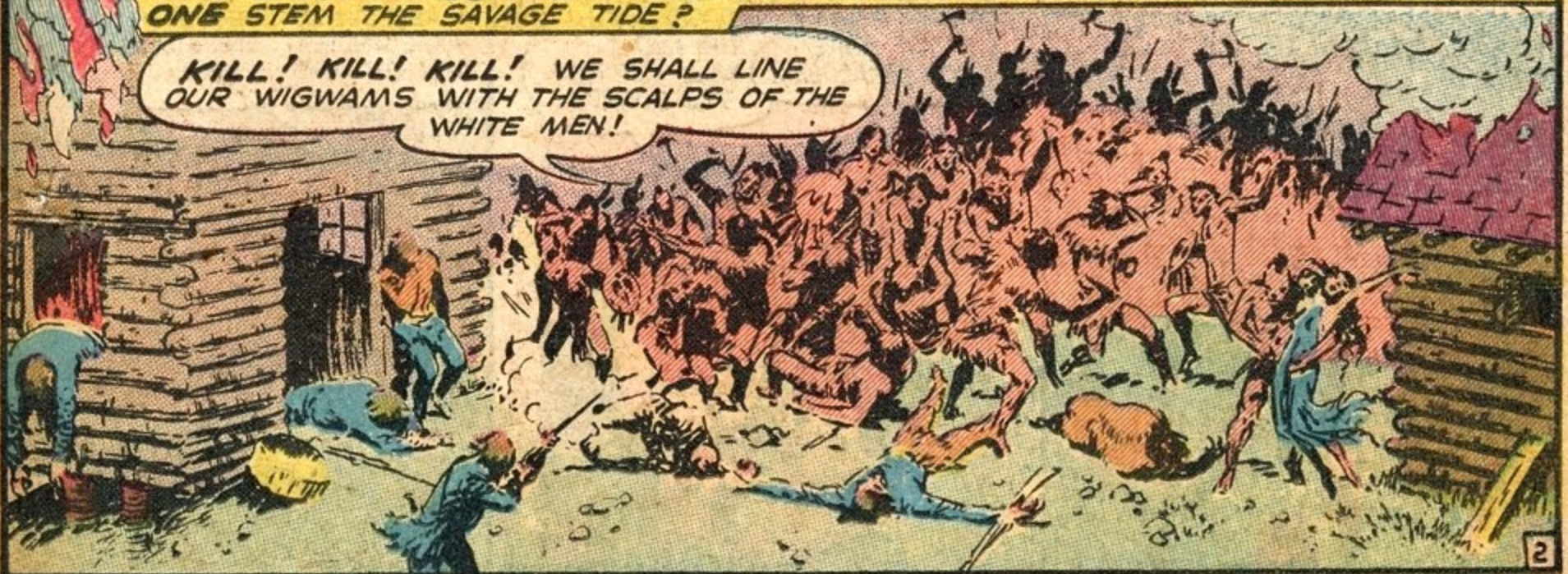
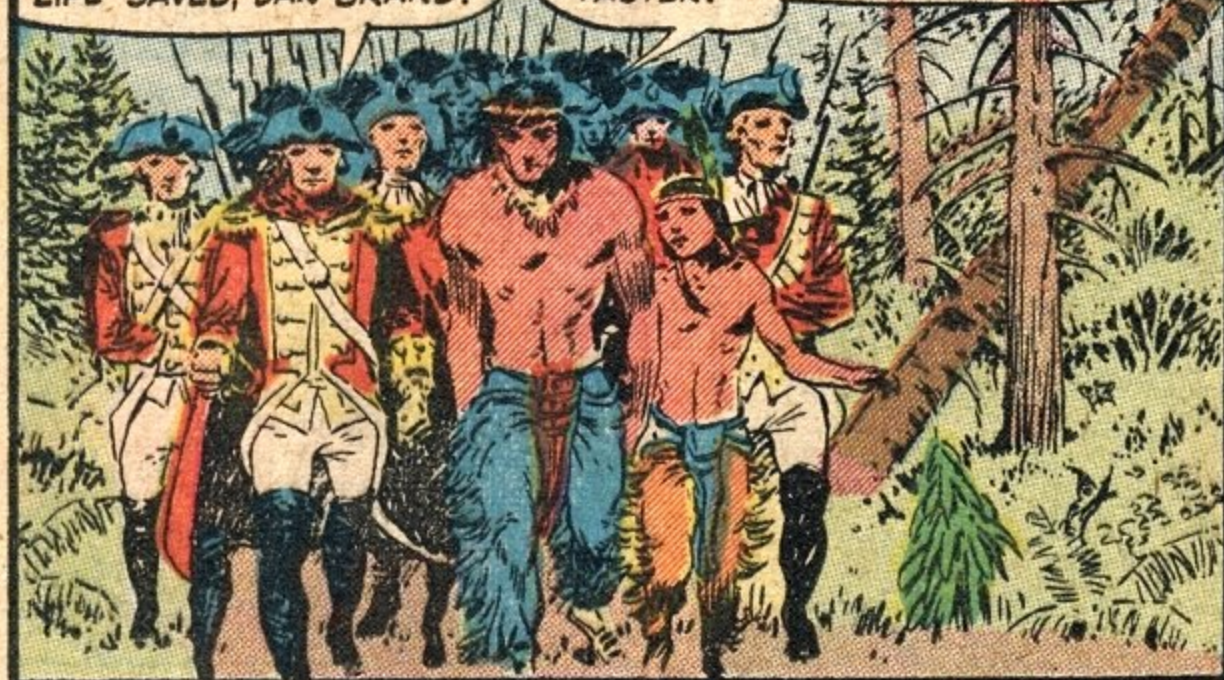

THE BRITISH COLONIAL ARMY SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE! AND, LEADING THEM, AS SCOUTS, ARE DAN BRAND AND TIPI!
I HOPE WE'RE ON TIME! EVERY MINUTE MEANS A LIFE SAVED, DAN BRAND!
I KNOW, GENERAL BRADDOCK— IF ONLY YOUR TROOPS COULD MOVE FASTER!

FRANKLY, GENERAL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR TACTICS. THE RED COATS OF YOUR SOLDIERS AND THEIR PARADE-MARCHING WILL MAKE THEM PERFECT TARGETS FOR THE INDIANS! INDIANS FIGHT FROM CONCEALMENT, YOU SEE. THEY DISPERSE BEHIND EVERY TREE...

...THEY EVEN PAINT THEIR BODIES AND FACES FOR CAMOUFLAGE! WAR ISN'T A PARADE GROUND FOR THEM, GENERAL! UNLESS YOU CHANGE YOUR WAY OF FIGHTING YOU'LL BE BEATEN MERCILESSLY. INDIANS MUST BE FOUGHT INDIAN-STYLE!
BAH! COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NONSENSE?
I DON'T THINK IT'S NONSENSE AT ALL! DAN BRAND'S RIGHT, SIR!
FOOLS! WHAT UTTER NONSENSE! SIRRAH — WHEN THOSE DEUCED SAVAGES SEE OUR DISCIPLINED FORMATIONS AND HEAR OUR BUGLES, THEY'LL RUN LIKE THE COWARDS THEY ARE! IMAGINE—PRIMITIVE SAVAGES BEATING HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS! IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT THAT NIGHT, COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKES DAN AND TIPI ASIDE, SECRETLY...
DAN, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! I FEAR THAT BRADDOCK WILL BE SORELY BEATEN. THE COLONIES WILL BE LOST UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT FIGHTING THE INDIANS IN THEIR OWN WAY— AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT!

GO, DAN— LEAVE NOW! I TRUST YOU —DO WHAT YOU CAN! I SHALL FIGHT IT OUT HERE WITH BRADDOCK!
PROTECT YOURSELF WELL, SIR! AMERICA WILL HAVE NEED OF MEN LIKE YOU SOME DAY! FAREWELL! TIPI AND I WILL SLIP PAST THE GUARDS..

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
QUICKLY, LITTLE BROTHER. WE MUST ROUND UP THE FRIENDLY TRIBES OF CATAWBA, CHIPPEWA AND MOHAWK —AND BRING THEM AGAINST THEIR ANCIENT ENEMIES, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON...!

AND SOON—THE BACKWOODS THROB TO THE SOUND OF DRUMS, STEADY AND PULSING LIKE HEART-BEATS IN THE NIGHT. FROM HILL TO HILL THE LOGDRUMMERS PASS THE URGENT MESSAGE ON...

MEANWHILE—GENERAL BRADDOCK'S TROOPS SIGHT THE ENEMY.

THE OVER-CONFIDENT IROQUOIS AND HURONS CHARGE INTO THE CLEARING, NOT KNOWING THEY ARE SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY DAN'S CLEVERLY HIDDEN MEN. THEN—

LIKE A ROLL OF THUNDER, THE VALLEY ECHOES TO THE CRACK OF TWO THOUSAND RIFLES AND THE AIR SINGS WITH THE HISS OF TWO THOUSAND ARROWS!

THEY'RE BREAKING, DAN — THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!
BUT THEY WON'T GET FAR, SIR! REMEMBER? — TIPI AND HALF OUR FORCE ARE CONCEALED BEHIND THEM. WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, TIPI WILL CLOSE IN FROM HIS SIDE AND THEN WE WILL CRUSH THEM BETWEEN US AS THOUGH IN A NUTCRACKER!

AND THIS IS THE SIGNAL! ATTACK, BRAVES — CHARGE!

THE SIGNAL! CHARGE, BRAVES!

THE ENEMY IS TRAPPED!

THE FRENCH GENERALS — THEY'RE GETTING AWAY ACROSS THE RIVER!

TIPI — TAKE CANOES AND FOLLOW ME!

THE MAGNIFICENT RUNNING DIVE SENDS DAN SLUICING THROUGH THE WATER...

SACRE BLEU!

WHAT A VICTORY, DAN! NOT ONE OF THE ENEMY GOT AWAY!

AND THAT, GENERAL BRADDOCK, IS HOW TO FIGHT THE INDIANS! USING THESE TACTICS WE CAN WIN THE INDIAN WAR!
IT'S AS GOOD AS WON RIGHT NOW. I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT I LEARNED TODAY.!

IT'S NOT JUST THE WAY TO FIGHT IN-DIANS, DAN—IT MAY ALSO BE THE WAY TO FIGHT THE BRIT-ISH, SOME DAY—UNDERSTAND?
I DO, COLONEL! SOME DAY WE'LL WANT OUR INDE-PENDENCE—AND AT THAT TIME, SIRE, I'M SURE IT'LL BE GENERAL WASHINGTON!
THE END

THE GUN GAMBLE

HE CAME into Hogshead late in a summer day, with the dust of the desert and the sage flats white on his worn levis and faded shirt. His face was lean under the dirty sombrero and burned brown from days of sun-scorched riding. There was only one thing clean about him as he came down from the kak before Ed Harmoney's saloon: two things, rather. He wore two Colts strapped low on his thighs, and they glittered where the sun touched them.

The marshal looked at the guns, and at the hard eyes in the brown face; then he went and took his own shellbelt down from the wall, and strapped it on. Then he went out hunting the man that had ridden in.

He found him in the hotel, scrawling his name on the register. Under closer scrutiny, he wasn't a man, but a kid. Hitting seventeen, maybe eighteen. But he'd done man's work. His body was lean and hard, like whipcord. When you saw him move, it was like watching a bobcat stalk through the room.

The marshal said, "Stayin' long?"

The kid said, "Long enough," and waited.

The marshal said, "We don't want trouble. You wear two guns. That's man-size out this way."

"I'm man-size." And the way he said it, calm and soft, made the marshal swallow it. He looked at the marshal a little longer, then he dug down in his levis and took out a worn leather bag and opened it. He shook its contents out on his palm.

The marshal stared down at two gleaming gold cuff-links, set with tiny diamonds in the form of an ace. He choked back the gasp that came to his lips.

"Know anybody 'round here that wears cuff-links like these?" asked the kid.

"No," lied the marshal. "Can't say I do. Purty things. Fancy. I'd remember cuff-links like those."

The marshal was lying, because everybody in town knew who owned the twin to those links. Big Ed Raider, who owned the Dozen Dot ranch half a hundred miles south of Hogshead, and half of Hogshead with it. But the marshal had seen the look in the kid's eyes, and he recognized death when he saw it. He made a mental note to send word to Big Ed to stay away from town come Saturday night. By that time, he figured, the kid would be gone, and there would be no trouble. The town marshal was dead set against trouble. Trouble always meant work for him, and he was a lazy man.

The kid packed away two steaks that night in Blonde Mary's restaurant. He slept fifteen hours in a hotel bed a self-respecting horse wouldn't rest in. But before he did any of those things, he was down in the hotel stable, brushing down the black mare he rode until her coat shone like rich velvet.

Folks in town figured the kid would hit out for Abilene come sunup. He might have, at that, if he hadn't eaten breakfast with Your-bet Clark, who ran the faro and monte games in Harmoney's saloon. Your-bet saw the cuff-links when the kid dropped the little leather bag.

"You win them links from Ed Raider honest?" he asked the kid.

He meant it for a joke, but the hand that caught and twisted his shirt and coat and brought him half up out of his chair made his grin turn sour on his lips.

"Ed Raider," the kid said softly. "So that's what he calls himself! Tell me about him!"

Later, Your-bet claimed the kid hypnotised him with those cold blue eyes. He found himself talking about Big Ed, how he'd ridden into the valley half a dozen years before with plenty of money; how he'd bought out Mike Gargan's Dozen Dot ranch and started working it; how his luck had continued until he owned six stores in town and most of the valley water rights. The gambler said, "He comes into town every Saturday night for a go with the cards at my table."

The kid said softly, "Yeah, he was always a gambler. He likes stud poker and redheads. You got a pretty redheaded dancer or singer in this town?"

"Well, yes. Sure! Toni Trevis. She's Big Ed's girl."

The kid nodded. "So he comes in town Saturday nights. Today's Friday. I think I'll stay over. And by the way — you can forget we had our little talk. Understand?"

The kid just sat there with his eyes cold on Your-bet's brown ones, but it was like he took his gun out and hit Clark between the eyes with it. Clark said later he wouldn't have talked about that conversation even if Apaches had gone to work on him.

The kid hung around all Friday, eating and sleeping, and smoking cigarettes he rolled with a supple twist of his fingers. The whole town watched him. Folks could feel

the tension building in the air. Your-bet Clark had not talked, but the marshal had mentioned the cuff-links, here and there. After a night's sleep, he decided not to send a man out to the Dozen Dot. There were some things had happened here in town since Big Ed hit it that the marshal couldn't explain; and after each one, Big Ed Raider had got richer.

Saturday night came faster than folks thought possible. One minute it was Friday, and the next the lights were on, and the girls in Harmoney's place were playing the piano and singing, and business was getting ready for a big night.

Big Ed Raider came into town Saturday night with half his crew. He swung down in front of the Harmoney and stalked in, waving to some cronies. He pulled out a chair and began playing stud poker with Your-bet and a couple of his own boys.

He looked up once in a while, a little surprised that so many people were in the saloon. He was saying, "Ed Harmoney must make a mite of money here. Think maybe I'll ask him to take me in as a partner," when the kid came in.

He came in easy, his boots making no noise. He was clean, with a new shirt and his boots polished. He even wore a new sombrero, set back off his blonde hair. But those two guns positively shouted. He must have spent hours polishing them.

Nobody said anything. Nobody moved. The kid came in and walked up to the poker table and stood there. Big Ed Raider sat there, and he turned white. His eyes bulged, and his cards fell out of his hands.

"Wally!" he whispered. "I thought —"

"I'm not dead, Ed. You got Paw real good, plumb center in the back, but some Navajo traders pulled me through, after taking out the slug you put in me.

The kid was talking soft, but everybody in that room heard him, because nobody even breathed while he was talking. The kid said, "I hear you done right well with the money you took from Paw. Reckon he was a fool to trust his brother. I always told him a man with no guts would pull a drygulch, give him the chance."

"You can't prove nothing about that killing," said Big Ed, breathing heavily. A crimson flush stole up around his neck. The veins on his forehead stood out clearly.

The kid laughed. He pulled out the little leather bag and upended it, bringing out a tattered picture with the picture of Big Ed, the kid, and an older man. There were three lead slugs, bullets, and a little black notebook. When Big Ed saw the notebook he choked and stood up.

"Sure," laughed the kid. "It's your diary. Tells all about some dealings you had with a couple Texas banks and stagecoaches. How much you got from each one. It was in Paw's warbag. He was wise to you, Ed. He was givin' you a chance to go straight. You murdered —"

"It's a lie," choked Big Ed. "I never"

Even redheaded Toni Trevis realized Big Ed was lying. She drew back a little from him, looking at him strangely.

The kid said, "I always told Paw you never had any guts, Uncle Ed. He said you did. Maybe he's lookin' on right about now, so it might be a good idea to find out."

The kid took the gun in his left holster out and opened the cylinder. He took out three shells, leaving three empty chambers in the cylinder. Then he twirled the cylinder, and put the gun on the green baize-topped poker table.

"Pick up the gun. Put it to your head. Pull the trigger. If you don't blow your brains out, I'll hand over all these proofs and walk out. You'll never see me again. You got a fifty-fifty chance of keeping everything you've gotten by murder and stealing. If you got guts enough to take that chance, you might win it all."

"No," said Bid Ed, staring down at the gun. "No! I —"

The room was deadly still. The only sound was Big Ed's heavy panting, as he looked down at that gun and thought of his chances, weighing the Dozen Dot and his six stores and all the other properties he had around Hogshead, against three bullets and three empty chambers.

"I can't," he said, but he put his hand toward the gun.

Nobody expected Big Ed to pull a gun just then. His right hand dropped and lifted. It took everybody by surprise — everybody except the kid. The kid never seemed to move, but his right-hand gun was in his hand and belching red fire at Big Ed Raider's belly, and it spit that fire three times.

There were two bullets wasted in that shooting. The first bullet killed Big Ed just as dead as all three did. He fell on the poker table, knocked it over, and crashed to the floor. The leather bag, with the three lead slugs and the little black book and the picture fell on his back.

The marshal said to the kid, "I guess as his nephew, you inherit the Dozen Dot."

Curious, the marshal picked up the gun with the three empty chambers. He pulled out the shells and grunted in surprise. They were just shells. There was no powder, no lead in them. The marshal stared at the kid, saying, "The gun wasn't loaded! If he'd taken your dare, he'd have won everything!"

The kid laughed. "I was betting on a sure thing. I told you he had no guts!"

THE END

The DURANGO KID

STEVE BRAND—THE DURANGO KID—HAS BEEN IN PLENTY OF TOUGH SITUATIONS IN HIS LIFE, AND ALWAYS CAME THROUGH TO A SMASH WIND-UP FOR JUSTICE. BUT THIS TIME?... IS ESCAPE POSSIBLE? ...IS IT THE END OF STEVE BRAND OR WILL THERE BE—

"A FINAL RECKONING?"

YORE LUCK HAS JEST PLUMB RUN OUT, HOMBRE! GIT OUTA **THIS** IF YUH KIN!

TO: FEDERAL MARSHAL STEVE BRAND
FROM: CHIEF MARSHAL
SHERIFF BRANNON OF BLUE GUL
WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD THE
DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. YOU ARE HER
BY ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE THIS AND
BRING THE KILLER TO JUSTICE.
WE ARE SENDING BUCK BARTON BY
HE NEXT STAGE TO REPLACE BRANNON. ESTA
LISH CONTACT WITH HIM AS SOON AS HE
ARRIVES.
CHIEF MARSHAL

THAT DAY...
HERE WE ARE, MULEY — BLUE GULCH!
AN' JEST IN TIME TUH MEET BUCK BARTON. THAR'S THE STAGE NOW, PULLIN' IN!

IT'LL SHORE BE NICE TUH SEE BUCK AGIN! IT'S BEEN NIGH ONTO A YEAR SINCE WE LAST SEEN 'IM, AIN'T IT, STEVIE?
RIGHT, MULEY — SAY, THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY HERE! QUICK, MULEY — GET BEHIND THAT BUILDING!

MULEY! THAT'S NOT BUCK BARTON AT ALL! COME ON — BACK TO OUR HORSES AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

DID YOU NOTICE, MULEY, THAT OUR NEW "SHERIFF" AND ALL THE MEN ON THE STAGE HAD THE LOWER HALF OF THEIR FACES CLEAN AND THE TOP HALF DIRTY — AS THOUGH THEY'D RECENTLY BEEN RIDING WITH MASKS?
I'LL BE DURNED! BUT WHY?

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO BUCK — AND IT HAPPENED SOMEWHERE ALONG THE STAGE ROAD. LET'S GO!

A FEW HOURS LATER — AT A PLACE ALONG THE STAGE ROAD...
GOLLY! THUH GROUND HYAR'S ALL CHURNED UP AND THAR'S BLOOD ON IT!
AND THE TREES ARE CREASED WITH BULLETS! THERE WAS A FIGHT HERE JUST A FEW HOURS AGO, MULEY. BUCK BARTON'S STAGE WAS HELD UP — AND THAT HOMBRE WHO'S WEARING HIS BADGE IS AN OWLHOOT... AND SO ARE THE MEN WITH HIM!

BUT, GOLLY, STEVIE —WHUT ABOUT BUCK? IS HE DEAD OR ALIVE? AN' HOW WE GOIN TUH FIND OUT?
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY, MULEY. LISTEN CAREFULLY NOW— WHATEVER HAPPENS, I WANT YOU TO TRAIL ME. BUT KEEP LOW, UNDERSTAND?

THAT OWLHOOT WHO'S POSING AS BUCK BARTON IS GOING TO GET A VISITOR!

LATER THAT DAY!
YOU BUCK BARTON, THE NEW SHERIFF?
WHO? OH-YEAH -BARTON, THAT'S ME ALL RIGHT. WHUT'S EATIN' YUH, STRANGER?

I'M PLAYING THIS ACT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH- IT BETTER WORK!
"LUCKY'S MY MONICKER, SHERIFF, AND I'M SERVING NOTICE RIGHT NOW THAT IT'S JUST PLAIN UNHEALTHY FOR LAWMEN AROUND HERE. I DON'T LIKE SHERIFFS! GET OUT OF TOWN!
TOUGH, EH?

TOUGH ENOUGH TO VENTILATE ANY LOWDOWN VARMINT WHO SNEAKS UP ON A MAN FROM BEHIND!
YIIIIII..
WANTED

THAT TOUGH ENOUGH FOR YOU?
HEE-HEE-HEE-HAW-HAW-HEE! BY GUM, LUCKY—THET WUZ THUH FASTEST SHOOTIN' I SEED IN A LONG, LONG YEAR!

YUH'RE TOO GOOD A MAN TUH FOOL, LUCKY. I'M GOIN' TUH TELL YUH A SECRET —I AIN'T BUCK BARTON AT! I'M A OUTLAW, SAME AS YOU!
AH, IT'S WORKING!
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE

CRUSHER'S MUH HANDLE, PAL—AN' THESE HERE ARE MUH GUNRIDERS. YUP, WE'RE THUH JASPERS WHUT KNOCKED OFF SHERIFF BRANNON. WE GOT BARTON, TOO, AN' WE'RE HOLDIN' HIM AT OUR HIDEOUT FER RANSOM—ONCE WE'RE THROUGH WITH BUSINESS HERE!

THANK HEAVEN—BUCK'S ALIVE!

YUH SEE—BEIN' THUH SHERIFF 'ROUND HYAR'S GOIN' TUH MAKE IT A CINCH TUH GIT INTUH THE BANK, BUMP OFF THUH NIGHT WATCHMAN AN' ROB THUH PLACE! SMART, HUH?
YES, VERY SMART!

WHUT YUH SAY, LUCKY? HOW 'BOUT JOININ' UP WITH MY BROOD? YUH'D BE A HANDY HOMBRE TUH HAVE AROUND. WE'RE MAKIN' BIG MONEY AN' WE SPLIT FAIR!
I'M YOUR MAN!
THIS GIVES ME A CHANCE TO GET TO BUCK!

GREAT! WHUT A TEAM! AN' NOW—WE PICK UP THUH REST OF THE BUNCH AN' PULL THET BANK JOB!
NOW I AM IN A FIX! THEY PLAN ON KILLING THE NIGHT WATCHMAN—I CAN'T LET THEM DO THAT! YET—I'VE GOT TO PLAY ALONG WITH THEM SO I CAN GET TO BUCK!

SINCE YOU AND YOUR MEN KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO, I GUESS THE BEST PLACE FOR ME IS DOWN THE ROAD, STANDING WATCHDOG—JUST IN CASE SOMEBODY COMES UP THE ROAD WHILE YOU'RE IN THE BANK.
SWELL! NOW I DIDN'T THINK O' THET—YUH'RE A SMART OWLHOOT, TOO!

LET'S GO, MEN. YUH ALL KNOW THUH PLAN. I MOSEY UP TUH THUH NIGHT WATCHMAN FLASHIN' MUH SHERIFF'S BADGE, AN...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HOWDY! JEST PASSIN' BY, MAKIN' MY ROUNDS TUH SEE IF EVERYTHIN'S ALL RIGHT. QUIET TONIGHT?
EVERYTHIN'S JEST FINE, SHERIFF! YUH SHORE TAKE YORE NEW JOB SERIOUS—AN' THET'S WHUT I LIKE TUH SEE!
BANK
UH! GROAN!

HEE-HEE-HEE-HAW! I SHORE DO TAKE MUH NEW JOB SERIOUS, ALL RIGHT! IN WE GO, LADS! SPUNKY, PLUG THET WATCHMAN!
RIGHT, BOSS— HYAR GOES!

HERE GOES NOTHING, VARMINTS!
THUH DURANGO KID!

THE DURANGO KID CANNONBALLS RIGHT INTO THE MIDST OF THE OWLHOOTS, HIS FISTS PUMPING LIKE STEAM PISTONS!
UGG!
HEY!
OW!

SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR, MEN!
WELL, THAT DID IT, BUT—

—BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE A MIGHTY BIG SWITCH TO "LUCKY" THE DESPERATE OUTLAW!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER—DOWN THE ROAD...
GIT GOIN', LUCKY—DURANGO'S AFTER US! HE SPOILED THUH WHOLE DEAL! WE'RE MAKIN' TRACKS FER THUH HIDE-OUT!
DURANGO? NOW, HOW DID HE GET IN—HE SURE DIDN'T COME BY THIS WAY!

AND, SOME TIME AFTER, IN AN ABANDONED COPPER MINE...
WAL, I GUESS WE LOST DURANGO, ALL RIGHT!
BLAST THET HOMBRE! WAL, MEBBE WE KIN MAKE UP ON BARTON'S RANSOM WHUT WE LOST AT THUH BANK. YOU FIRST, LUCKY.
I HOPE BUCK HAS THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT!
5

STEVE! STEVE BRAND! GOOD HEAVENS, MAN— HAVE THEY GOT YOU, TOO? OH-OH— I MEAN—
SHHHH...

LUCKY, EH?

MAYBE LUCKIER THAN YOU THINK,— UH!

TIE HIM UP, MEN, WHILE HE'S OUT. I'LL GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS. WAL, I'LL BE HANGED!

A FEDERAL MARSHAL! THIS HERE BADGE MIGHT COME IN HANDY FER ME SOME DAY! ...MEANWHILE, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TUH DO WITH HIM! TWO O' YUH GUYS CARRY HIM OUT TUH THE CLIFF DOWN THUH ROAD...
DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, BUCK—I GUESS YOU COULDN'T HELP BEING SURPRISED.

...AN' DROP HIM OFF! IT'S A TWO-HUNDRED-FOOT-DROP— THAR WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT O' HIM TO RECOGNIZE!

WHEW! THIS HERE HOMBRE'S PLENTY HEAVY— LET'S DROP HIM HERE AN' REST A MINUTE. WE STILL GOT THIRTY YARDS TUH GO...
6

TOO BAD YOU BOYS HAVE TO WORK SO HARD!
IZZAT SO? JIST KEEP YORE YAP SHUT! WE LIKE IT, SEE!
THAT'S FINE! NOW I WONDER HOW YOU'LL LIKE THIS!
STEVE KICKS FORWARD SUDDENLY...
WHUT THUH—?

TAKE IT FROM ME, BOYS — THERE'S AN EASIER WAY TO EARN A LIVING!
OOOOPH

YUH SHORE KEPT ME HOPPIN' BUT I TRAILED YUH LIKE YUH SAID.
BLESS YOU, MULEY — THAT WAS AS CLOSE TO SURE DEATH AS I EVER WANT TO GET! NOW, LET'S TIE THEM UP, THEN —

—GET GOING ON A FINAL RECKONING WITH THE DURANGO KID!
I SORTA THOUGHT THAT'D BE THUH CASE — SO I BRUNG RAIDER ALONG, AN' YORE DURANGO DUDS TOO! THEY'RE YONDER, 'ROUND THET HILL, WAITIN'!

AND, IN A MATTER OF MINUTES....!
HELLO, CAVE RATS!
THUH DURANGO KID! START SHOOTIN' MEN!

CLEAR THE TRACKS! FREIGHT TRAIN COMING!
ATTABOY, DURANGO!

AND NOW—I'M COMING!
BA-BA-BAM!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

HOW ABOUT A TRAIN RIDE, CRUSHER?

LAST STOP! EVERYBODY OUT!

LATER...
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, DURANGO GOSH, IF ONLY STEVE BRAND...
DON'T WORRY, BUCK—STEVE'S SAFE ALL YOU'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS YOUR FIRST JOB AS THE NEW SHERIFF—WHICH WILL BE TO MARCH THESE KILLERS INTO JAIL AND JUSTICE. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO GOT BRANNON.
BY GOSH—THERE'S A MAN! HE'S EVEN BETTER THAN STEVE BRAND! PUT STEVE AND DURANGO TOGETHER AND YOU'D HAVE...
I...YUH'D HAVE THUH SAME—UH—I MEAN—YUH'D SURE HAVE SOMETHING, I GUESS!
THE END

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